

13
THE

TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE;

OR, THE

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH UPAS TREE.

A Poem in Three Cantos.

BEING A

GLANCE AT THE PAST, THE PRESENT, & THE FUTURE.

WITH A SKETCH ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SUBJECT.

BY JOHN O'NEILL,

AUTHOR OF "ALVA," A TRAGEDY; "THE SORROWS OF MEMORY;"
"IRISH MELODIES;" "THE BLESSINGS OF TEMPERANCE," &c. &c.

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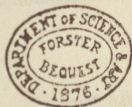
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TO THE
COMMITTEE & MEMBERS
OF THE
LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

The great and untiring exertions you have made, and are still continuing to make, for the removal from amongst us of the most malignant enemy that ever warred against the peace and prosperity of the human race, call forth the approbation of every justly thinking man, not only in this country, but in every region of the earth. The fame of those exertions has travelled far across the wide Atlantic, and is resounded on the shores of the Hudson, the Amazon, and the Mississippi, as loudly as on the banks of our own lovely Thames; and a rich harvest of the fruits of your labours is likely to be gathered by men in many lands, and in times of remote futurity.

Permit me, an humble labourer in the same holy cause, to record my approval by inscribing to you this little Work.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN O'NEILL.

20, White Horse Yard, Drury Lane,

August, 1852.

COMMITTEE & MEMBERS

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY...

GENTLEMEN,

The great and various interests of the
country have of late years been the subject of
much discussion, and it is the duty of every
citizen to be conversant with the principles
and the operations of the various departments
of the Government. It is the object of this
work to afford a concise and accurate
view of the constitution and the powers
of the different branches of the Government,
and to show the manner in which they are
connected with each other, and with the
rights and duties of the people. It is
hoped that this work will be found
useful to all who are desirous of
acquiring a general knowledge of the
constitution of the United Kingdom.

Printed by W. Smith, Strand, London.

1840.

JOHN C. SMITH
27, Abchurch Lane, London.

PREFACE.

My former Poem, "The Blessings of Temperance," having met with such general approbation, both from a large portion of the press, and private communications from persons of worth and high standing in the Literary world, I am encouraged to offer myself again to their notice, not with a hope to obtain more praise, which it would be vain in me to covet, or a larger share of public patronage than was bestowed on my former effort (the fact of its having arrived at a fourth edition, speaks in unmistakable language, that it had no very limited circulation); but from a wish that is ever uppermost in my mind to keep the Teetotal question ever full before the Public, and as far as lies within the range of my very humble abilities, help on the wheels of the car of progression in the road of human improvement through Temperance. I would encourage others by my example to work in the cause, being well assured that there are many who are possessed of higher powers, who would they shake off what I must call a guilty apathy, could render brilliant service to the glorious movement. They plead they have neither the money nor the time necessary to risk in an undertaking that might be met with neglect from friends, and lay them open to the harsh and ungenerous criticism of writers opposed to their principles. These are specious but not solid excuses; "where there is a will there is a way;" and with a foundation of truth and a warm desire to do good to the human family, they should not be deterred by the ridicule of idle wits, or the cold sneers of the lukewarm in the cause of virtue. No man who ever attempted to bring out a work to public notice could stand in a worse position for such an undertaking than the writer of this at the commencement of the attempt. In deep poverty and suffering from severe indisposition, added to the infirmities of old age, yet by a firm resolution not to flinch till his object was accomplished, success has attended the effort so far as to bring it out to public notice. It now rests with others how far it may be made useful.

It may not be uninteresting to give a short detail of the origin of the undertaking, as it will be adding another chapter to the memoir given in the former Work. Some time ago being attacked with severe illness and unable to venture out, I turned my mind to every object around me as a source of amusement; among other things, G. Cruikshank's sketch of the "Upas Tree," awakened an idea in my mind that a good sketch might be done by a practised hand of an event which I myself, in common with the entire Teetotal community, was labouring for, namely, the destruction of the deadly "British Upas," through the agencies put in operation by the Total Abstinence Movement, of the ultimate success of which I had every

hopeful assurance on my mind. Under these impressions I fabricated the scene represented in the sketch now offered to my subscribers. Not a little proud of my first attempt as an artist, I showed it to some of my friends who seemed to approve the design, and one gentleman, an active and zealous friend to teetotalism, offered to get it published, and to allow me all the profits that might arise from the sale after the costs of publication were liquidated, but this was forgotten in the press of more important speculations. I then showed it to a friend of mine, an eminent sculptor; the unartistic proportions and deviations from the rules of perspective caused him a good-natured smile, while he proposed to put the thing to rights, in better style and fairer proportions. But there was nothing done; he was engaged in important Works for the Grand Exhibition, and I did not annoy him with importunities. I still struggled on, resolving never to give in until I was fairly beaten. A gentleman of high attainments, both as an artist and author, and who holds a high situation in the School of Design, kindly offered to revise my work. I shewed him my sketch, and he seemed pleased with my attempt, and consented to give the required aid; but, on a reconsideration, he declined, from conscientious motives, not deeming it right, as I had attached the names of some of the traffickers in strong drink to the placards exhibited in the picture. Here again I was thrown adrift on my beam-ends, but not a hopeless wreck, for there was one I had not tried, not from a distrust in her abilities or desire to serve me, but having troubled her before in a similar way, to which she kindly responded, with much inconvenience to herself; I felt reluctant to trouble her again; "but necessity has no law." I had no money or the means of obtaining any. The lady alluded to again kindly acceded to my request; and to her pencil I am indebted for the well-executed sketch which I offer with this work. Thus while this babe of many fathers hung in jeopardy, suspended between hope and uncertainty, like the coffin of Mahomet, I wrote sundry stanzas at intervals bearing on the subject, which in time took the form of a poem, and swelled to the little work which I now offer to the Temperance World for its patronage. But it is not to the Temperance World alone I would offer it; I would offer it to the self-deemed moderate drinker, and the drunkard, male and female, of every grade and age; I would offer it to all connected with the trade, either as concoctors or vendors of the destroying poison; to all who are promoters of or addicted to the detested vice of drunkenness. I would earnestly appeal to every friend of social order and moral progression, to every heart throbbing with feelings of sympathy and sorrow for degraded and debased humanity, who wish that our common nature should be purged from and protected against the destroying influence of the Demon, Alcohol, that they should assist in promoting such views.

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THE
TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE.

FIRST CANTO

The clouds of night with gloom o'er spread the sky,
And nature hushed, was sunk in calm repose,
Life's varying scenes thronged on my memory,
And worlds unknown within my soul arose.
Far distant on imagination's wing,
The mind, unconscious of its passage, flew,
As though attendant spirits came to bring
The past and present all before my view ;
With fancy's pencil, Hope, the future vista drew.

Creation lay before me, in my mind
I strove to grasp its vast immensity ;
Light bursting out of chaos, dark and blind,
And pouring all its glory on the eye.
Enrapt, I saw disorder melt away,
Order and beauty fill th' immense of space,
All nature teem with life in sportive play,
All song, all happiness around I trace,
Till last, to govern all, appeared the human race.

How grand, how beauteous are the works of God,
 Grandeur and beauty mark the solemn hour,
 When darkness falls upon our earth abode,
 And slumber stills the grove and shuts the flower.
 The book of heaven then bursts upon the sight;
 Myriads of worlds like blazing gems are seen.
 How wonderful! how infinite! the might
 That set their boundaries, marked the space between,
 Enthroned the changeful moon to reign night's lovely queen.

How beauteous and sublime the swelling deep,
 Stupendous world of waters; no man's eye
 Can o'er the wide expanse his vision sweep,
 Nor treasures scan, that 'neath its bosom lie;
 Its coral palaces, and pearly bowers,
 Of million tribes, the birth place and the tomb,
 To contemplate whose bulk the mind o'erpowers;
 The mighty monsters ranging in its womb,
 And none know where they go, or whence their legions
 [come.

How grand and lovely is the teeming earth
 Decked in her morning garments, when the sun,
 Heaving above the mountains, dashes forth
 The same bright stream of light, since time begun.
 Carol ye songsters of the vocal grove,
 Low herds, bleat flocks, all sing the song of praise,
 And glorify the God of life and love,
 Who from the stubborn clod did bounteous raise,
 Tree, grass, fruit, flower and grain, life's cravings to appease.

But greater still, a child of earth and heaven,
 Th' all-wise Creator placed upon our soil,
 To whom command o'er all below was given,
 But should be won by temperance and toil ;
 An angel clothed in flesh, a spirit free,
 To choose its course, for evil or for good,
 A mortal heir to immortality ;
 With god-like powers and attributes endued,
 In his own image made, and ransomed by his blood.

A body in proportions finely formed,
 Majestic, rising o'er earth's humbler race ;
 A wonderous machine with vigour warmed,
 In which each true mechanic power we trace ;
 How grand its movements, how divine the brow,
 Where intellect enthroned speaks to the eye ;
 Science is lost its mystic acts to shew,
 Built up, sustained, refreshed mysteriously,
 Frail house, whose habitant can never, never die.

The soul, bright spark of pure divinity,
 Enkindled in the brain by God's own breath,
 Which still shall live through all eternity,
 Although its earthly temple yields to death ;
 Systems may be deranged, and worlds o'erthrown ;
 The soul shall live with powers still undecayed ;
 If undefiled, called to a deathless throne ;
 If evil, plunged in sorrows unallayed.
 True Temperance leads to fields whose verdures never fade.

But what is that bereaved and wretched thing,
 That staggering totters on its devious way,
 Rags, filth and bruises, obscene blustering,
 A form fast sinking into deep decay ;
 Is that this demigod ? Oh, what could all
 His peerless powers, so mingle with alloy ?
 Each look, each word, each act might sense appal,
 Dry up the founts of hope, and love, and joy,
 The drunkard's drink alone did God's best gifts destroy.

The drunkard's drink ! God ne'er to man bestowed
 So dread an agent of destruction dire ;
 Hell's rankling hate brought it to man's abode,
 And did with arts accurst his thoughts inspire ;
 Taught him to prostitute God's golden grain,
 And with its products the hot mash-tub fill ;
 Taught him to murder for the sake of gain,
 With pois'nous spirits dribbling from the still,
 Which turned from Heaven's law the passions and the will.

Alcohol ! spirit curst, what e'er thy name,
 Whate'er thy taste or hue, wherever made,
 In wine, in beer, in spirits, still the same
 Fell serpents' venom is alike displayed ;
 Thou uncreate of heaven ! in rottenness,
 And foul decomposition thou wert born :
 Thou stream of liquid flame, which none can bless,
 Wasting the powers of life, to sear and burn,
 But yield'st no joy to give an adequate return.

Yet honours crowd around the hell-taught trade,
 That to produce man's choicest food destroys,
 While millions perish through a lack of bread,
 This pampered horde, each good of life enjoys ;
 They fill the senate, civic halls they crowd,
 They rule the church—Oh ! desecration foul,
 To set hell's agents o'er the house of God,
 And constitute them guardians of the soul,
 Whose hands are deeply stained with such pollutions foul.

They rob from man the products of the soil,
 To him for food by the Almighty given,
 They cheat the labourer of his daily toil,
 The only fortune that he holds from heaven,
 They steal from him each cheering hope of life,
 They drive his children forth, unclothed, unfeared ;
 A woe-worn wretch, or beastly slut his wife,
 Who wastes in gin what should provide them bread,
 All to this dreadful state by their foul traffic led.

When famine swept the land, and pestilence,
 Destroying Angel ! when the souls of men
 Sunk withered, what did these kind hearts dispense
 To raise the stricken to their rank again ?
 Did they give bread to stay the tide of woe,
 As they destroyed the food, that should sustain
 The sinking millions ? or did they forego
 The guilty profits of their sordid gain ?
 Did they not then uphold the demon's cruel reign ?

Go to the drunkard's home ! oh, how the mind
 With horror shrinks, as the eyes wander o'er
 Its dreary aspect : naked walls you find ;
 A shattered lattice and a hingeless door,
 Flap with the wind, sad music, which combines
 In concert with a wife's and children's cries ;
 While the poor victim of strong drink reclines
 On the cold floor, unable thence to rise,
 Or screen his deeds of guilt from heaven's offended eyes.

Can Christians stand and gaze, condemn, revile,
 Th' infatuated wretch that wakes their ire,
 Then o'er their bottle sit and blandly smile,
 And half intoxicate to rest retire ?

Can Ministers of God, with shameless brow,
 Ascend the pulpit, and aloud proclaim
 The truth, which they in practice disavow,
 Condemn the draught, yet quaff the cursed stream,
 Which bore the fallen man to wretchedness and shame ?

Thou murderous trade ! thy deeds since hell began,
 With mockery of pleasure to deceive
 And play their wiles on unsuspecting man,
 Consume his body and his soul enslave,
 Have cast to ruin more of human kind,
 Honour, wealth, beauty, learning, virtue, fame,
 Who, lured within thy meshes, sorrowing, find
 The light of joy emitted by thy flame,
 Comes from the deadly gulf of sorrow, tears and shame.

Yet such thy fascinations, on they go,
 Be they or old, or young, or hale, or ill,
 All see their folly leads to want and woe,
 Confess their error, but pursue it still.
 The serpent custom lurks within the bowl,
 They prove its venom, oft for freedom try,
 But still lured on by appetite's control,
 Sink to their fate, like to the struggling fly,
 And in the cruel grasp of the fell slayer die.

But watchful eyes regard us from above,
 And angel voices to the spirit speak
 In silent language, fraught with truth and love,
 Whose mystic powers the spells of folly break ;
 And struggling virtue, dashing through her chains,
 By which bereft of strength she captive lay,
 In native vigour, her bold flight maintains
 On wisdom's wings to win the realms of day,
 And bask for ever more in truth's immortal ray.

We are assured heaven joys when sinners rise
 Above the foul corruptions here below.
 Oh, what a sweet reflection it supplies,
 That thoughts of us in heavenly bosoms glow.
 What pure incentives to high virtuous deeds,
 That souls in bliss should for poor mortals care,
 That they regard with sympathy our needs,
 And in our joy and sorrows kindly share !
 Then who would yield to sin, or sink into despair ?

How must the saints rejoice, when looking through
 The bright effulgence veiling them above,
 As they the bands by Temperance won review,
 Who daily from the paths of vice remove;
 Sinners, who deep in degradation's slough,
 Sunk their high natures, subject of their ruth,
 In pristine purity behold them now,
 Spreading the sacred words of light and truth,
 Leading to peace and joy, old age and sinless youth.

As thus I mused, a mystic stillness stole
 Over my senses, slumber sealed my eyes,
 The things of light shut out, within my soul
 Clear as in life did varied views arise,
 A panorama of the world displayed;
 The past of time since first the earth began,
 And how the Alcohol Upas did o'er shade,
 And draw from purity the soul of man,
 While through each change of time it still destructive ran.

Mid shadows, clouds, and darkness, scenes I saw,
 Undimmed by time, Truth's pencil fairly drew,
 Man's rights established, swayed by nature's law,
 Before the serpent from obedience true
 Allured their common sire, and in his heart
 Fixed sin and sorrow, shame, and foul disgrace;
 Forced him from happy Eden to depart,
 Sought in his soul all virtue to efface,
 And stamped the brand of sin on all the human race.

Oh what a chuckle of malignant pride
 Worked in the bosom of the Fiend, when he
 Saw heaven's favoured one the link divide,
 That bound his being to the Deity;
 Saw the poor disobedient cowering down
 Beneath the dread anathema—out driven
 In dread to meet the stern majestic frown
 Which sealed the doom by the Almighty given,
 And closed against all flesh the radiant gates of heaven.

The promise of redemption poured a balm
 Into the sorrowing souls—hope's cheering voice
 Whispered forgiveness—now resigned and calm,
 They saw their fields of labour, and rejoice
 In the Almighty's promise—but the Fiend,
 Malignant watching, never left his prey;
 Years passed in mutual toil and cares resigned,
 Murder and death their offspring tore away,
 Ere in their forms appeared the sign of age—decay.

All is conjecture now and dim surmise;
 Imagination tries the wing in vain;
 No spirits from the depth of waters rise
 To write their records; that unbounded main
 Whelmed all their deeds, nor left a wreck to tell
 Their social habits; not a ruin shews
 Where earth's first citizens were wont to dwell;
 O'er them its thickest pall oblivion throws,
 Their how, or where, or when, no antiquarian knows.

Ages elapsed ; the sons of Adam spread
 Thickly throughout the earth. The demon still,
 With jealous hate, their feet to evil led,
 Moulding the pliant passions to his will.
 Oh what a depth of misery and pain,
 Of crime and folly, that could leave but one
 In whom the light of virtue did remain,
 Who favour from the great Creator won,
 To renovate a world by wickedness undone.

The Ark rode safely on the whelming flood,
 With all of life within its womb secure ;
 Whilst Noah putting all his trust in God,
 Hoped soon to see a world more just and pure,
 Where peace might prosper. So Columbus saw
 The wide Atlantic billows round him swell,
 Hope pointing to a land mid fear and awe,
 Where he and his adventurous band might dwell
 Mid stores of all that could life's countless cravings quell.

Back to the sacred source from whence it rose
 Flowed the dread deluge, and the gentle dove
 Upon the new raised earth a refuge chose,
 Nor more to seek the Ark's protection strove ;
 And man upon his mission launched again
 To fill the place to him by heaven assigned,
 Nor did the the Fiend inactive then remain,
 But strove each art, each subterfuge to find,
 That he again his prey might in his meshes bind.

He called his legions from the depths of hell,
 With fiendish gladness, each his voice obeyed,
 And with a thrilling and exulting yell,
 Swift flew to give his darkest projects aid ;
 Jealousy, hatred, black revenge, and strife,
 Adultery, avarice, and murder foul ;
 All that could fix a curse on human life,
 All that could draw from righteousness the soul—
 The victim yielding up to his accursed control.

But God had guardians set around his heart,
 Angels of grace to warn him and defend,
 Just lessons of true wisdom to impart,
 Conscience to weigh, and judgment to amend :
 The light of truth, by which he would obtain
 The goal of bliss, Hope, pointing still the way
 To him who would on Calvary regain
 His forfeit right to realms of endless day,
 While free-will over all held universal sway.

God his great bow suspended in the sky,
 Decked with the hues of every gem and flower,
 That man henceforth might peacefully rely
 On safety, from a flood's o'erwhelming power ;
 Oh, what a blissful token, peace with God !
 What grateful feelings swell the heart to see
 Secure from danger now his earth abode,
 Signed in the heavens by the Deity,
 That he might rest his head in calm security.

Thus guarded, and assailed by ill and good,
 With free-will which to choose, he now begun
 To till the earth, and raise the needful food;
 Peaceful and joyous on his moments ran;
 His fields gave fruit and grain, a bounteous store;
 The gushing spring refreshed him after toil;
 All nature needed lay his eyes before,
 From teeming udders, and a pregnant soil,
 Nor did the serpent yet around his senses coil,

But nature's wants appeased, dissatisfied
 Man thirsted to enjoy a richer fare;
 The pending vine its luscious juice supplied,
 And the arch-demon fixed his standard there;
 The Appetite aroused, the tempting boughs
 In fair luxuriance around him hung;
 Full soon their nectar taught him to carouse,
 While dreams unwanted to his vision sprung,
 And as a god he seemed unearthly things among.

Wide fields before him spread, and mountains grand
 Arose, arrayed in verdure fresh and fair,
 Bedecked with golden fruit and fountains bland,
 The eye to charm, and the mind ensnare;
 And there the portly youth and lovely maid,
 Radiant in beauty moved the groves among,
 Free as the zephyrs that around them played,
 To music's voice they joined the dance or song,
 Which bore the charmed soul on rapture's wings along.

And there the vine was pressed in social glee,
 And deep libations poured. Man seem'd to rise
 Above his state and ape divinity,
 Claiming transient kindred with the skies.
 Thus in his soul the demon did infuse
 The love of pleasure and desires, that draw
 Weak mortals Heaven's best bounties to misuse,
 And blindly break unerring natures law,
 And all the wandering thoughts from wisdom's paths
 [withdraw.

He more profusely now planted the vine,
 And stored its nectar up for future use ;
 The wily demon with his arts malign,
 To deadly poison turned the generous juice.
 He drank, the spirit courses through his veins,
 Enslaves each sense, drives reason from her throne,
 Inflames the blood, and "steals away the brains,"
 Lays him a naked wreck, a thing undone,
 An object of foul mirth to a base thoughtless son

The Demon, saw his triumph now secure,
 Summon'd his host around him, and declared
 That he for human hearts had found a lure,
 And they might enter every lock unbarred.
 Alcohol ! hell's chief agent, hence should rule
 The world of man, each sacred tie unbind,
 Be of each evil art the ready tool,
 To nerve the murderous arm, and sway his mind
 To deeds of wrath and woe, in hell framed madness blind.

For in his principles he shall combine
 The power of every evil, 'neath his sway,
 The virtue withering shall their posts resign,
 And every moral feeling fade away.
 He'll come with winning face and joyous smiles,
 With softest music in his voice allure,
 Weave round the heart a net of sweetest wiles,
 Painting in rays of light each art impure,
 Until the fallen wretch is in his grasp secure.

The Fiend thus ended, while th' infernal crew
 Applauded what the gloomy chieftain spoke,
 Each did his vows of fealty renew,
 And firm obedience to the cursed yoke,
 All swore on man to wreak insatiate ire,
 Each foul device of evil to employ,
 Nor from the dreadful contest to retire,
 While one of Adam's sons was to destroy,
 Or one untainted source of happiness and joy.

Time rolled along, and mankind widely spread
 Throughout the earth, and mighty nations rose;
 Intemperate passions wild ambition bred,
 Making of friends and brothers deadliest foes.
 All drained the hot intoxicating bowl,
 As they to human slaughter reckless ran;
 Rage, hatred, avarice, possessed the soul,
 Teaching each art of war, to slay, trepan,
 And prove, "Man only is the common foe to man."

Who backward views the changeful track of time
 Will in the prospect few bright scenes behold ;
 Dark clouds of horror, infamy, and crime,
 Their deepest shades have o'er the ruins roll'd ;
 Mad from the wine-cup, mighty hero's rushed
 To slaughter and oppress. The captive's chain
 Clanked up to heaven, while the life's blood gushed
 From maids polluted with a nameless stain,
 Who to these demigods, for mercy prayed in vain.

Still spite of these, improvement onward sped,
 Learning was cherished, science shed her ray,
 The mind more civilized, by culture led,
 Saw in the distance dawn a brighter day ;
 From the great sun of knowledge feebly came
 But glimpses of the truth of nature's law ;
 Still did the demon human hearts inflame,
 And from the coming light his votaries draw,
 Gulphing whole nations in his dread insatiate maw.

When Sodom fell by heaven's avenging fire,
 The drink-cup to the foulest vice impelled ;
 When Hlium, smoking, sunk from Grecian ire,
 Bacchus was worshipped, and his orgies held.
 Egyptians, Medes, and Persians, Greece, and Rome,
 By dissipation lost their mighty sway,
 By their own vice and folly overcome ;
 Twas luxury and wine did them betray,
 Making their feeble arms unequal to the fray.

When Macedonia's madman, hot with wine,
 Through heaps of carnage drove, and seas of blood,
 Assuming his descent from powers divine,
 He wept a lack of worlds to be subdued ;
 Naught could the raving of his pride control,
 Fair Thias flattered, and Timotheus sung,
 While Clitus' friendly blood imbued the bowl ;
 Loud pæans of wild joy to hail him rung,
 As in his demon rage the murderous spear he flung.

Great Xerxes joyed to see his million host,
 Marshalled before him in war's bright array ;
 The pride of Empire ! The vain monarch's boast,—
 But wept that in few years they'd pass away ;
 Ah ! would th' Alcohol kings weep o'er the slaves,
 Whose souls they bind in chains of liquid fire,
 In pity rescue them from drunkards' graves,
 In pity from the deadly trade retire,
 Then angels would rejoice and a freed world admire.

Judea's wisest king, this counsel gave,
 Avoid the wine that blusheth in the cup !
 Let not its seeming strength your sense deceive,
 When it to tempt you brightly sparkles up,
 Though it may yield the palate rich delight,
 And sweet delirium o'er the senses bring,
 Deep in the heart it leaves the serpent's bite,
 And in the soul fixes the adder's sting,
 This truth is verified by peasant, priest, and king.

The great preceptor did not shun the snare,
 By it his heart was drawn from wisdom's way,
 The wily serpent found a weakness there,
 And bent his passions to his deadly sway;
 His heart elate with greatness sunk to crime,
 Allured by idle joys, left virtue's road,
 Teaching a lesson to all future time,
 That sensual pleasures draw the soul from God,
 And still the wane of life with bitterness o'erload.

Could we unfold the graves, and draw the veil,
 That parts the living from the dead, aside,
 With horror fill'd, the stoutest heart would quail,
 To view the end of hollow pomp and pride;
 The pests that ruled the earth with ruthless war,
 Lie mouldering with their victims, but a fame
 Accurst to endless time, and deadlier far
 Will stamp with human miseries the name,
 Of that huge class whose hands the drunkard's fetters frame.

Here would the muse a holier strain resound,
 But wrapt in wonder, reverence and awe,
 She back retires from that most sacred ground,
 Where the Redeemer's blood fulfilled the law;
 Oh, blush humanity for the black stain,
 Which e'en his blood must fail to cleanse away,
 While you the slaves of appetite remain,
 And each base whisper of the will obey,
 For drink will e'er the soul unto the fiend betray.

Such *was* the world, and even while the pen
 Strives lightly through its mazy winds to trace;
 Such *is* the world still, and such the men,
 That sink God's image into foul disgrace.
 Kings, senators, peers, judges, churchmen high,
 Float on the tide of brandy, wine and gin,
 Wafted by moderation soft and sly,
 Until at last they find themselves within
 That boiling gulf, which did but as "a drop" begin.

Oh! moderation, phantom, false and foul,
Ignis fatuus leading souls astray;
 Raised from the dregs of the fermented bowl,
 Millions infatuated by thy ray,
 Pursue deceitful joys, that from them fly
 Further and further, as they on advance;
 Till, sunk in care and want, and misery,
 Despair involves them in its deadly trance,
 Without one cheering beam to light the dark expanse.

The laurel-crown, may grace the victor's brow,
 The child of song may win immortal bays;
 Virtue alone can with true charms endow,
 The hero's triumphs and the poet's lays;
 The time will come when names of high renown,
 If, mid their greatness, virtue they forgot,
 To children's children shall be handed down,
 Classed with the tyrant, plunderer, and sot,
 As signal posts, to point some foul and dangerous spot.

CANTO II.

Thus o'er the earth the Alcohol torrent spread,
Sweeping whole realms in its destructive course,
And gathering strength, with distance from its head,
It deluged Britain with its deadliest force,
There concentrating all the evils dire,
Which with its streams from every country came—
Its influence doth countless hearts inspire,
Whate'er its colour, origin, or name
Alas! its votaries find its poison is the same.

View London, noblest city earth can boast,
That glorious empire's seat, on which the sun
Still shines, when we behold the starry host
At night's most tranquil hour, whose sons have won
Renown for highest valour, learning, art,
Genius and science, sweet poetic lore,
All that improve and elevate the heart,
Her commerce bringing wealth from every shore,
Enriching still the rich, and solacing the poor.

Her streets of lordly mansions that might vie,
 In grandeur with the palaces of kings,
 Her beauteous Thames, on whose broad bosom lie
 Tall fleets of argosies, whose canvass wings
 All the rich treasures of the farthest Ind,
 Its spices, silks, its fruits, and golden ore ;
 Her flag triumphant floats on every wind
 From where the Caledonian breakers roar,
 To where the billows beat on rich Australia's shore.

Her institutions, numerous and sublime,
 Upon the basis of true wisdom laid,
 Promise the coming of a better time,
 When mind's best attributes will be display'd,
 When men of peace will arbitrators sit,
 As judges of man's rights and nation's laws,
 Nor leave to idle sot or drunken wit,
 The working into wrong each righteous cause,
 And war and carnage urge to gain a vile applause.

See with what pomp her many temples rise,
 Religion smiles to see her sacred fanes,
 Unnumbered spires, high towering to the skies,
 But oft e'en here the fiend a footing gains,
 For lucre is the consecrated soil
 Converted oft to traffic's vile abode,
 Where damning liquids that consume man's toil,
 Of every guise and name beneath is stowed,
 And the foul spirit's fumes rise in the house of God.

These are her visual glories—but the scene
 Changes on a close view, within her bound
 Deeds are enacted, human nature stain,
 And honor, sacred truth, and reason wound.
 Dire poverty with squalor ever dwells,
 Thousands are famishing for want of bread,
 While millions squandered are, in nightly hells,
 By thirst of gain, debauch, and folly led,
 Who urge the game of death, by evil passions fed.

While honest worth creeps, fainting, through the streets,
 Fearing to crave from wealth a little bread,
 The dashing swindler smiles of welcome meets,
 On luxuries voluptuous daily fed ;
 There, worn with toil, emaciate and pale,
 Night after night the wretched female plies
 The life-consuming needle, death's entail,
 While, in the gay barouche, the harlot flies,
 Or, in the richest garb, of wealth gains large supplies.

And there the pale mechanic wastes his life,
 Sad child of want, improvidence, and woe ;
 With wealth and power in one continued strife,
 Toil, toil and gin, will no remission show,
 No honest hour to renovate the mind,
 With mental culture, and domestic love,
 Toil, toil and gin, to all around him blind,
 Nor nature's craving wants his bosom move,
 Though wife and children's tears his actions still reprove.

In glittering splendour here on every side,
 The demon palaces majestic rise,
 Where poison draughts, fair siren hands provide,
 Whose soft allurements charm weak folly's eyes;
 But these are serpents hidden in the garb
 Of female innocence, who onward lure,
 Till in the soul they fix the cruel barb
 Of appetite, and each desire impure,
 That can in Satan's chains the captive wretch secure.

Oh, what a sickening contrast strikes the eye,
 The richest decorations, to entice
 The heedless crowds of want and misery,
 And plunge them deeper in the slough of vice;
 Sad wasted beings, rags and filth, and sin,
 Who change life's currents to uphold the shew,
 Which blazon round these shrines of guilt and gin,
 That sweep them on their streams to endless woe,
 But, fearless, onward still the heedless victims go.

The town is all alive, the gambler's day
 Of triumph is at hand, the Derby near,
 A thousand windows vauntingly display
 That dupes may enter, and be fleeced here;
 Horses and riders blazoned to the skies—
 Away with caution, chance is on your side!
 The voice of folly that of hope supplies,
 Diamond's the favourite! Buckle too will ride—
 Go! stake your all! and—lose! of pity e'en denied.

Yet here the mightiest princes, nobles chief—
 Resort by wild debauch, and avarice led ;
 The coronated brow, the sneaking thief,
 Pursue the game together : onward speed
 The courtezan, and countess, side by side,
 Distinctions fade amidst the general din ;
 Insatiate passions every mind divide,
 The swindler and the cheat, deep versed in sin,
 All risking life or wealth, all are intent to win.

Go to the stable ! kings have been before,
 And laid the plans of plunder, jockies shared
 The profits, and disgrace the monarch bore,
 When equal guilty man their guilt declared
 Infamous e'en 'mong swindlers, and would teach
 That, "honor among thieves," should be the rule,
 Though none might practise what they all would preach,
 For all took lessons in the self-same school,
 And played alternately, the swindler, knave, and fool.

And still the mad career of folly's run,
 Still gambling triumphs, and the wine-cup fill'd,
 With its polluting products, while undone,
 Thousands in phrenzy to the demon yield
 Life, fame and fortune,—now the razor's gash
 Cuts short the way to ruin,—now is heard,
 Loud on the ear of night, the pistol's crash ;
 Some seek to win by plunder's foul award,
 And yield for lust of gain, of life, each fair regard.

Here in bleak garrets, without food or fire,
 Sits many a broken heart and tearful eye;
 Here in damp cellars, clogged with filth and mire,
 Thousands who drained the gin-glass, daily die;
 Poor wretches ! by cold charity forgot,
 There are few feeling souls for them to care,
 Few pious spirits that will smooth their lot,
 And with them heaven's abundant bounties share,
 Or give them wise advice, or shield them from despair.

There's princely sums in charity bestowed,
 That never reach the truly needy poor,
 Few will seek worth in poverty's abode ;
 No, there it rests in wretchedness secure,
 The feet of charity can't mount so high,
 Nor dive to depths far, far beneath the plan
 Of those who swell the lists to meet the eye,
 And by their large donations fame trepan,
 But not through love to God, or charity to man.

Oh, charity, thy bread is bitter bread,
 And ever rankles on the generous mind,
 The man who willingly is on it fed,
 In degradation sinks below his kind ;
 But when misfortune strikes, (and who is free ?
 Monarchs themselves have sunk beneath the blow,)
 Then as an angel balm comes charity,
 To raise the child of sorrow from his woe,
 And bid the feeling heart with gratitude o'erflow.

Would wealth's exalted sons teach poverty,
 By good example, to be sober, wise,
 Ennobled by industry to live free,
 And self-dependent, soon in worth they'd rise ;
 No more the wasted labourer, worn with toil,
 Would crouch beneath a tyrant beadle's frown,
 But wearing independence's sacred smile,
 Instruct his sons to do what he had done,
 Reap, in old age, the fields that he in youth had sown.

Here gloomy mansions, rising on the sight,
 Tell pity's sorrowing eye, that in their walls
 The wretched felon sleeps, and day and night
 In a sad retrospect the past recalls ;
 The cheerless dungeon, chains, and iron grates,
 The troops of spies, that every moment scan
 His slightest movements, cut off all retreats,
 That he might in excited fancy plan—
 The love of drink seduced the sad unhappy man.

Enter that Union-house, within its walls
 Dwells many an aching heart, and downcast eye,
 That brooding sits, and brighter days recalls,
 Sadly engraven, deep on memory,—
 They're all abstainers here—oh, had they been
 When fortune smiled, and heaven his bounties spread,
 What they are now—they'd not these sorrows seen,
 They ne'er need eat the pauper's bitter bread,
 Nor lain in anguish down upon a pauper's bed.

Enter the seats of learning, where our youth
 Should drink at wisdom's fountain, where the mind,
 Trained in philosophy, religious truth,
 The flowers of science,—there too oft we find
 The seeds of vice deep planted in the soul;
 Lessons of folly—the vile gambler's art,
 Where virtue's holy voice should all control,
 The sting is fixed in youth's unguarded heart,
 And oft life's after years left one continued smart.

Methinks I see the shades of many a son
 Of genius pass me in a sad array,
 Who by these fascinating arts undone,
 Which first allured, then did to woe betray;
 Oh that their lives were blameless! sorrow's tear
 Falls silently upon the mouldering bed,
 Which screens them from the ills they suffered here;
 May lasting peace their spirits overshade,
 And all men shun the wiles that them to evil led.

Oh, there are thousands, high in men's regard
 For wisdom and for virtue, blindly swayed,
 Whose fairest hopes and brightest prospects marred,
 By moderation into vice betrayed.
 The insinuating cup once tasted, lures
 New appetites, exciting, fierce and strong,
 Until th' insidious demon them secures,
 In folly's blindness urging them along,
 With fascinations sweet, of converse, dance and song.

'Tis not the gaudy glare of pomp and pride,
 Wealth, and the luxuries the great enjoy,
 'Tis not the patronage to power allied,
 That can the passing stings of life destroy;
 'Tis when the soul sits firm on wisdom's throne,
 O'er appetite and passion holds just reins,
 His aim the goal of happiness alone,
 Which man in pure domestic love obtains,
 And by a future hope each present ill sustains.

All things in nature follow nature's plan,
 Undeviating from her destined laws,
 By the Creator fixed—presumptuous man!
 From his weak reason wrong conclusions draws,
 Now deems himself a god, a cringing slave,
 Now bends beneath a selfish tyrant's will,
 Oft with vain projects does himself deceive,
 Beyond all stretch of art or human skill,
 But leaves untried, what heaven designed he should fulfil.

By heaven's decree each has his part assigned,
 There's none in all perfections can excel,
 Some have the power of arm, and some of mind,
 Some to rule millions, and rough tumults quell;
 Some by sweet poesy to charm the soul,
 Some with persuasive eloquence endued,
 Some by deep science nature's laws control,
 Some cultivate the earth, some rule the flood,
 But all mankind possess the power of doing good.

There's not a link knit in the social chain,
 However weak, but has its influence,
 The smiles of beauty oft a power maintain,
 Which wins the field from reason and from sense.
 The infant's lisping prattle oft subdued
 The stern resolve, the ruthless impulse wild,
 And won the hand to peace, up raised for blood,
 The frown was softened, and the tyrant smiled
 In love upon the long-crushed wife and trembling child.

I know a man,—I knew him when his mind
 Was sunk in sensual darkness, when his soul
 To nature's sweets and social blessings blind,
 His love, his joy, his hopes were in the bowl,
 He'd many virtues, but they were obscured
 By appetites and fashion's baleful sway ;
 His suffering wife and family endured
 Neglect, abuse, and hunger night and day,
 Nor prayers nor tears could win him into wisdom's way.

One dismal night,—Oh ! what a withering pang
 Comes o'er me as I recollect the hour,
 When mad, in furious tones his accents rang,
 Displaying all the rage of demon power,
 His wife in terror fled, he seized the child,
 With murderous intent ; full on his face,
 With cherub innocence, it on him smiled,
 His heart was melted, rage to love gave place,
 Nature's pure fountains bursting down his cheeks did pace.

There was a heavenly mission in that smile,
 It was a guardian spirit sent to save
 The soul long tangled in the demon coil,
 And free the captive, vice did long enslave ;
 From that dark moment, light, and love, and joy
 Awoke the dormant virtues pure and warm,
 Taught him each milder impulse to employ,
 And check, with wisdom's rein, each gathering storm,
 Showing what drink had done, what Temperance could
 [perform.

And now in conscious worth he walks erect,
 Among his fellow-men, his soul endued,
 With manly pride, and truth, and self respect,
 His heart and voice employed in doing good,
 Pledged to the Temperance cause his voice is raised,
 To free his brother men from drink's curst spell,
 Which once destructive on his vitals seized,
 Made him a demon, and his home a hell,
 Where neither savage men, nor even brutes could dwell.

Oh, how it virtue shocks, to see the band
 Of shameless females decked in borrowed charms,
 The fairest daughters of our noble land,
 Wooing the filthiest ruffians to their arms,
 For the vile hire of prostitution bow,
 Unblushing to the act of shame and sin,
 Swelling the tides of infamy that flow ;
 Truth, honor, pride, and shame all whirled in,
 To ruin on the streams of all debasing gin.

When the destroyer steals into the heart,
 Pollutes the seat of innocence and love,
 The virtues, robbed of their just rule, depart,
 Wisdom and reason then in vain reprove,
 The external beauties wither and decay;
 Fortune nor fame can then the victim save,
 Fell appetite drives shame and fear away,
 And soon the fool of fashion bows a slave,
 To all whose souls debased can folly's sons deceive.

Here would I pause awhile to shed a tear
 Over the fate of one in youth I knew,
 Whose manners sweet to all did her endear,
 Whose lovely form as classic sculpture true,
 The bloom of health, and smile of beauty shone
 Upon her lip and cheek, and sparkling eye,
 Her soul a vestal fire, to care unknown,
 Her fame the shafts of envy might defy,
 Insteered within a mail of its own purity.

Years passed away, amid the monster maze
 Of human life, she vanished from my sight,—
 One dark and dismal eve there struck my gaze,
 An object folly's eye might well affright;
 It was a female, sunken, base, and foul,
 Intoxicate and shameless, helpless, lay,
 No trace remained of beauty, grace or soul,
 No lingering spark of heaven's informing ray,
 Did o'er her haggard limbs or round her visage stray.

I raised her from the earth, while thick and fast
 The winter sleet was drifting round her form,
 Close to her bosom she a child embraced,
 That with expiring life was scarcely warm,
 Assistance came, her, helpless, on we bore,
 To shelter from the cold and chilling rain,
 And long we tried life's vigour to restore,
 And wake the mind to consciousness again,
 And give her back to life, but long we strove in vain.

At length her eyes she open'd, and, with a shriek
 Of agonizing sorrow, called my name ;
 The voice I knew, and thus begun to speak !
 "Are you——?" "I am," she faintly sighed, "the same."
 She could no more, life's wasted spark was fled,
 The mother and the infant breathless lay,
 I saw them to their last cold home conveyed,
 And shed a tear upon the closing clay,
 That hid her guilt and sorrows from the face of day.

And deep within my soul, I cursed the bane,
 That caused so bright a star to set in sin,
 What was her dark career must e'er remain,
 Wrapped in Lethean gloom, untold, unseen ;
 Oh, may her bitter sorrows plead above
 For mercy at the throne where all must bend
 As sinners, may the God of truth and love
 Hear her last sigh in pity, and befriend
 A worm crushed by base man, whom none stood to defend.

Drink o'er all classes holds a tyrant sway,
 It boots not what the title or degree,
 In folly's race few loiter by the way,
 All imitate the vices that they see,
 The parent drinks, the children drain the bowl,
 The great man's board is drenched in richest wine,
 In humbler draughts the poor man steeps his soul;
 All to the demon vice their powers resign,
 T' infringe the laws of God, both rich and poor combine.

Nor can the tenderest feelings of the soul,
 Religion's holiest dictates, love of fame,
 The raving appetite, once raised, control,
 Or stay the raging of the burning flame,
 No place so sacred from its rule is free,
 From lips polluted sacred truths are told,
 Men follow not the word, but what they see,
 Deep in the practice of their lives unfold,
 Till in the drunkard's ranks at death they are enroll'd.

Britain ! thy laws are vaunted o'er the earth,
 As wisdom's high perfection,—from them flow
 Oppressions, dire injustice, pains and dearth,
 Sad scenes of sorrow, wretchedness and woe,
 They sanction deeds that lead to savage strife,
 Perpetuate distress for after time,
 Which poison all the purest springs of life,
 Our laws uphold the drink, drink genders crime,
 And thus the land's debased with the foul serpent's slime.

Visit our glorious senate—there the Fiend
 Gloats on the people's sorrows, acts are made,
 By which the nation's interests are resigned,
 To work the views of this destructive trade.
 Who are the framers? interested knaves!
 That from the vitals of the country draw
 Resources which a tortured land enslaves,
 Who gained their seats by bribes and bludgeon law,
 Squander the nation's wealth, and acts of right o'erawe.

Loud from the hustings, hear the candidate
 With patriotic zeal harangue the crowd.
 What are his merits? Brib'ry and deceit
 Oft lurk beneath the principles avowed.
 Is his the guilt?—no! the vile wretched band
 Of sordid traffickers, who basely sell
 Their rights as men, the freedom of the land,
 That they may for an hour in riot dwell, [dispel.
 But Temperance's sacred power shall soon such crimes

Clamour for rights; ask Government for aid,
 While your best days in idle folly spent;
 By such base acts, each good of life's delayed,
 Nor can the nightly revel it prevent.
 'Tis industry and thrift that fill the hive
 With honey from the flowers that round you grow;
 From these the joys of freedom you'll derive,
 Wealth, peace, and happiness they will bestow,
 And ease the burdened heart, and dry the tears of woe.

Fools! go reform yourselves; drive drink afar;
 Both from your haunts and homes; in wisdom's road
 To truth and honor the straight path prepare;
 With virtue's teachings hallow your abode;
 Let your first gain be knowledge; every flower
 Which gives life beauty, in your grasp you'll see;
 Unhurt, though shafts of care around you shower;
 Incased in mail of true philosophy,
 And then,—but not till then,—you may hope to be free.

Now in the felon's dock the culprit stands
 Arraigned for murder; and deep silence reigns;
 While "life for life" his country's law demands,
 And justice with stern voice its claim maintains.
 "'Twas drink," the murderer cries, "that urged the blow.
 Maddened with wine I plunged the weapon deep;
 I know not how, or when, I worked the woe."
 Judge, council, jurors, all in pity weep,
 Yet quaff the murderous cup e'er they retire to sleep.

All men are equal in the eyes of heaven!
 Helpless and naked, to the world they came,
 Or raised to wealth, by poverty low driven,
 Their exit out of life is still the same.
 The blust'ring tyrant and the cringing slave,
 Have equal claims upon the earth and skies,
 None can from death,—one dear loved object save.
 "In acting well our part the honour lies," [disguise.
 Nor wealth nor greatness can man's deeds from heaven

See, at the police bar two ruffians stand,
 One mad with gin, the other hot with wine ;
 With gentle woman's blood each smears his hand.
 What demands sacred Justice here ?—a fine !
 The full pursed villian pays, and smiling goes
 Again to act his feat at fancy's call.
 The beggar, scoundrel, must in goal repose,—
 Justice, should claim like punishment for all, [fall.
 Nor barter crime with wealth—on both the lash should

How virtue weeps to see the prowling bands
 Of infant depredators seeking prey !
 Are there no pitying hearts, no generous hands
 To guide their footsteps into wisdom's way,
 To teach them how to toil for honest bread,
 With wise instruction elevate the soul,
 From infamy's dark dens in pity lead,
 The cruel acts of avarice control,
 Which lure them on to vice, with machinations foul ?

There's loathsome dens which fill the soul with awe,
 Where demons congregate in human form,
 Who infants school to break through every law
 And deeds of villiany with skill perform ;
 The pick-pocket, the burglar, all who trade
 In depredations, there are taught to plan,
 All that may simple honesty invade,
 And prey upou the industry of man,
 While drink consummates all, as all in drink began.

Is there a father who would hope to see
 His sons grow up to manhood pure and bright,
 Endowed with wisdom and integrity,
 With souls where all the virtues pure unite?
 Is there a mother who deserves the name,
 Who would not every idle thought forego,
 That she might spotless keep her daughter's fame,
 And save her offspring from disgrace and woe,
 Such must themselves to them a wise example shew.

Go, tell the toilers if they do not toil,
 The great must perish for the want of bread;
 Hard-handed poverty must till the soil,
 From which the monarchs of the earth are fed;
 There is no excellence in power or name
 To shield them from the Godhead's just decree,
 In his brow's sweat each grounds his rightful claim
 To share the bounties of the Deity,
 Nor wealth nor high estate can from this doom be free.

It is a sweet reflection for the poor
 That poverty can't travel out of life;
 That lasting happiness they may secure,
 Even 'mid hunger, nakedness, and strife.
 The sceptre and the crown may grace the bier
 Of appetite's and passion's lawless slave;
 While peace and joy may the last moments cheer
 Of all that the Redeemer came to save,
 And place the angel hope to watch the poor man's grave.

CANTO III.

The sacred edifice of truth is fixed
On heaven's high foundations, where no change
Can come, no dross of earthly folly mixed
The Godhead's holy purpose to derange ;
All love and light and purity and joy,
Unswayed by passion from its fountains flow,
No scenes deceptive there the sense decoy,
Or lure the wandering spirit into woe ;
All is designed to bless—all happiness bestow.

Whatever is in God's decree is right ;
And He in His high wisdom did decree
That the vile drunkard's presence should not blight
The sacred mansions of the Deity.
Oh, what an awful doom to be denied
Admittance to the seats of love and bliss !
With angel's lasting glory to divide ;
His an eternity of wretchedness !
Reflect, while yet you may, and shun a state like this.

The fruit still tells the tree on which it grew ;
 And round the Upas' trunk the ruin shews
 Scenes that appal the honest eye to view—
 Debauch and crime and wretchedness and woes;
 Each deed, debasing to the human mind,
 Destructive of the harmonies of life ;
 Foul murders done in drunken madness blind,
 Of children, parents, brother, husband, wife,
 While dark self-slaughter ends the hell-directed strife.

The brand of Cain was on the drunkard's brow ;
 "Am I my brother's keeper?" would he cry,
 Still holding on his murderous course, although
 He thousands daily saw around him die.
 No warning call'd him to a sense of shame ;
 His vile example still kept ope the way
 Which others led to try the scorching flame ;
 That did to death and misery betray
 The aged and the young, the thoughtful and the gay.

At length a beam of light broke on the mind
 Of man in distant climes ; though faint its gleam,
 It lit the soul a clearer road to find,
 And trace the scourge of the destroying stream.
 And mind with mind, communicating, told
 The wise discovery, and formed the plan ;
 They would to all the glorious truth unfold
 That Alcohol was the chief curse of man,
 Our wide spread Temperance stream from this small
 [spring began.

How weak, how finite, is the grasp of mind?
 Few men hit on conclusions justly drawn
 At first, but through long chains of reasoning find
 The light that only then began to dawn.—
 So the first voyagers, in the Temperance ark,
 Discarding spirits, took in beer and wine;
 Wrecked on the shoals of folly, wild and dark,
 They soon were forced the vessel to resign,
 To strict Teetotal rules their sinking crew confine.

But long in sorrow the mistaken band,
 Though sad, yet hoping, fired with glorious zeal,
 Still mourned the evils which oppressed the land,
 But found they had not power her wounds to heal;
 Still in the demon's chains she writhing lay—
 The cruel fiend, Alcohol, blindly led,
 As willing victims, crowds in sorrow's way,
 And on their anguish, gloating, joyous, fed,
 And with a cloud of woe did the whole land o'ershade.

Even religion at the demon's shrine
 Bowed in submission.—See her missions go
 O'er the wide billows, bearing truths divine,
 And bearing, too, the streams of crime and woe—
 A two-fold lesson to the converts pass,
 Freedom in love, and folly to deceive,
 One hand the gospel held, and one the glass;
 Thus a new Christian spirit crossed the wave, [save.
 Which damned with drink the souls the Gospel went to

The Indian on in mad delirium ran,
 Professed the creed, and drank the liquid flame ;
 Did the Apostles such a project plan
 To spread among mankind their Master's name ?
 Might they not tremble to behold the bands
 'They met in ignorance, by nature led,
 In mutual slaughter steep their gory hands,
 By the intoxicating spirit fed ;
 Will heaven hold them free of guilt for blood there shed ?

But, in this wilderness of woe and crime,
 'There rose some lovely spots where hope's sweet smile
 Cheered on industry, and with truths sublime,
 Founded on God's own law, urged onward toil
 For the redemption of the slaves, who bowed
 In degradation at alcohol's shrine,
 For all as brother men their heart's avowed,
 Howe'er the bands of folly round them twine [divine
 To save, whom heavenly love came down from realms

Reason exerts her sway and wisdom's voice,
 In love to man, the blissful tidings brings ;
 While thousands rising round the land rejoice
 As sacred Temperance on her mission wings,
 With joyous hearts firmly resolved to sign
 The pledge of honor, fellowship, and love,
 The demon drink in all its forms resign,
 Nor longer slaves to the fell tyrant prove,
 But as Teetotallers, truth's fervent champions move.

Teetotallers ! what a heart-cheering name,
 Unnumbered joys mix in its coinage new,
 It speaks in volumes that around proclaim
 A life to temperance, social order, true.
 It is a sign of brotherhood, e'er joined
 With human progress and domestic joy ;
 A freedom both of body and of mind,
 Which no vile laws or imposts can destroy ;
 It is pure gold without hell's damnable alloy.

Here Preston's glorious heroes bravely stood,
 The first great champions of the holy band ;
 Once only sev'n, firm, wise, resolved, and good ;
 In millions now their offspring fill the land.
 What sweet sensations must their bosoms thrill,
 To see this mighty host in bright array
 Assail the Fiend's strong holds, their pledge fulfil,
 Unflinchingly resolve to win the day,
 And chase this curse of earth from our loved land away !

From every side comes forth an ardent band,
 Encased in temperance armour, holy zeal,
 Resolved to drive the drink-curse from the land,
 And all the social virtues sweet reveal.
 Fitzroy, with generous warmth, first onward came,
 Hawkestone and Phoenix to the battle flew,
 Samaritan and Star, each grounds a claim
 As champions to the cause of wisdom true,
 And all the "halls," around the same bright course pursue.

The National, in phalanx firm and strong,
 With stately step moves onward to the fray,
 Resolved to mitigate each social wrong,
 And chase the drink-curse from the land away;
 Long trained to battle in the holy fight!
 Unflinching, though all hell should them assail,
 Proclaiming to the world our cause is right,
 From truth's firm rock their standard courts the gale,
 Nor e'er will strike till they will o'er the foe prevail.

The London Temperance League, in youthful pride,
 Led by a gallant chief, of veteran fame,
 Which rang throughout the nations far and wide,
 And wound a halo bright around his name!
 Though ag'd yet vig'rous, with unshaken soul
 The rights of human freedom to advance,
 The all o'erwhelming flood of vice control,
 And 'gainst each monster evil hurl the lance,
 And free the world long bound in Drink's delusive trance.

From these, a host of gifted lecturers spread,
 The light of sacred wisdom;—they impart
 Strength to the weak, the lagging onward lead,
 Inform the ear, invigorate the heart!
 They lead the ignorant from folly's way
 With language unaffected, just, and wise,
 Illume the soul with truth's enlivening ray,
 Make pure philosophy plain to men's eyes,
 And strip the wily fiend of each assumed disguise.

With generous zeal the légions on advance,
 A glorious host, pledged in the holy cause,
 Well armed with reason's shield and truth's bright lance,
 Resolved to take no rest, to make no pause,
 While on our lovely land one pest-spot stood
 Defiled with drunkenness, debasing sin ;
 To stay the ravage of the whelming flood
 That whirls the slaves of folly hourly in
 The gulf of woe, on streams of brandy, beer, and gin.

Where once the famed "Seven Dials," met the gaze,
 While squalor poverty and crime abound,
 His splendid temples there the fiend displays,
 Which every grade of wretchedness surround ;
 Here, low degraded females, woman's shame !
 In filth and drunkenness waste life away ;
 Here crimes humanity might blush to name,
 Are perpetrated in the face of day,
 While all conspire to raise of guilt a proud display.

High on this pest-spot, noted for each vice,
 That sinks degraded man below the brute,
 And hell's arch-agents try each false device,
 Each good of life with virtue to dispute ;
 While all that's low, contemptible, and foul
 In human wickedness and guilt abound,
 That kill the body and bereave the soul ;
 And want, improvidence, and woe are found,
 All purity in hot Alcohol liquids drown'd.

Here, planted deep, the deadly Upas rose,
 Dread source of poverty disease and crime ;
 Its trunk a shaft of barrels piled compose,
 Crowned by a massive butt, that rose sublime ;
 Fierce serpents, belching streams of liquid fire,
 Branch from its top ; a motley group beneath,
 In frenzied madness drink, though crowds expire,
 Who in wild orgies yield their latest breath,
 All heedless of the doom'd and hopeless drunkard's death.

The Demon, fearless, saw the Temperance host
 Prepare, his dear-loved Upas to attack,
 In pride of heart he raised the victor-boast,
 That his bold legions soon would drive them back.
 "Can these," he cried, "presume with us to cope,
 Who have for ages, nations in our chain
 Held captives ? can they dare, weak fools, to hope
 To check our progress, and destroy our reign ?
 They ne'er will dare with us the conflict to maintain."

He mustered to his ranks a motley band
 Of every grade and sex, in evil bold,
 Determined every effort to withstand
 Of truth's firm champions, and his tree uphold.
 There ranged the prince, the cobbler, shoe-black, peer,
 The courtly duchess, decked in rich brocade,
 "The Turf," "The Ring," "The Road," their standards
 The filthy drab in tatters, vile arrayed ;
 All that uphold the fell and desolating trade.

[rear]

As these now onward gather from afar,
 They rush tumultuous, eager to engage,
 Boisterous as is the ocean lashed to war
 By the rough sweeping tempest in its rage.
 Shouts of wild triumph, songs of vile import,
 Oaths and dread blasphemies, confusion, din,
 All that can vicious minds to folly court,
 All that can wider ope the gates of sin,
 To tempt the frenzied dupes of drink to enter in.

Each armed with folly's weapons, on they came,
 With pot and tankard, glass and tempting bowl,
 All fill'd with Upas-poisons, to inflame
 The heart, and draw from purity the soul.
 The dice-box some, or cards, or skittles, bear ;
 Each vile insinuating art they try,
 Which to the dens of vice weak minds ensnare ;
 But the true sons of Temperance defy
 Their power and wiles, and on truth's sacred rock rely.

In front the Fiend upon a dray-horse rode,
 The vehicle well filled with stores of war,
 Wine, ale, rum, brandy, gin, a weighty load ;—
 Malster, distiller, brewer, and not far
 Behind appeared the publicans, a crew
 That feed in idleness, on folly's toil,
 Resolved their boldest efforts to renew
 With hell's artillery, nor e'er recoil
 While one bright hope remained to cheer our dear-loved

[soil.

Here the gin idol near a temple placed,
 Where many a victim bent in worship low,
 Or rushed to ruin, by the streams debased,
 That from the Upas' deadly branches flow,
 Wide oped its hideous jaws, teeth triple rowed,
 Its nose, a swollen wen, rose large and high,
 Which gouts of fœtid matter did o'erload,
 A fiery coal seemed burning in its eye,
 The throat a gulf of flame, where all who enter die.

O'erjoyed, the Fiend reviewed the maniac crew,
 Supplied with deadly draughts, and as they quaffed
 Th' exhausted stores from his dark caves renew,
 He cried, "they all are mine," and joyous laughed,
 But soon a change came o'er his brow, he saw
 The Temperance host advance in firm array,
 Illumed by nature's light, and wisdom's law,
 His faltering spirits first to doubts gave way,
 But yet he did not fear the issue of the fray.

He, still undaunted, and in evil brave,
 Resolved with vigour to maintain the field,
 And bent the favourite plant of hell to save,
 He'd try each wile of art to make them yield !
 Clubs, raffles, smoking, music, dance and song,
 All that can pleasure's silly dupes entice,
 Draughts, billiards, bagatelle, a numerous throng,
 Chess, judge and jury trials, cards and dice,
 And all inducements to this low degrading vice.

His courage sinks, before the temperance ray
 These visionary joys fade as a mist,
 That vanishes at the approach of day,
 Nor can the light of her bright beams resist :
 Though to his ranks he churchmen, statesmen lure,
 Lawyers, physicians, men of learned fame ;
 He urges on his host thus to endure
 The coming conflict, and thus minds inflame,
 To cast off wisdom, honor, manly pride, and shame.

Come on, brave drunkards, you whose hearts are steeled,
 Against all human feeling, you who drained
 The cup of madness, all its woes revealed,
 And still the glory of my reign maintained,
 Now firmly stand, your manliest vigour shew,
 Teach these pale water-drinkers they can't stand
 The onset of so strong, so bold a foe ;
 The spirit of your chief shall nerve each hand,
 To sweep the weak dull tribe from this beloved land.

But you, my moderate legion, 'tis to you
 I look with brighter hopes to win the day,
 Still from your ranks I shall my front renew,
 As my poor drunkards pass from life away ;
 My army of reserve, in realms below,
 A warm reception for your deeds above,
 With true paternal care for you I'll shew,
 For you each joy of hell, I will improve,
 All shall rewarded be, as all have nobly strove.

Your ranks give honor to th' infernal cause,
 The pious, and the reverend, prelate, peer,
 A wise example spread to court applause,
 Life to enjoy, the while you sojourn here,
 Eat, drink, be merry, through your lives you speak
 A language louder than your tongues can frame,
 And though in sense unsound, and reason weak,
 Of "jovial fellows," you shall win the name,
 A proud distinction you alone shall justly claim.

His voice here faltered, as he saw afar
 The infant Bands of Hope march on their way,
 A holy zeal their joyous smiles declare,
 Untainted purity their souls display.
 He saw in them a foe he might not meet,
 And back recoil'd oppress'd with inward pain,
 His boisterous host now strives in wild retreat
 To seek a refuge in their dens again,
 Nor longer will to brave the battle's shock remain.

With smiles of joy the young teetotal band,
 Our country's future hope, in bright array,
 Rushed to the battles front to make a stand,
 Shouting with holy zeal, "we'll win the day"—
 O'ercome with fear, his horse's head he turned,
 He saw his prospects promised sure defeat,
 His spirit with infernal anguish burned,
 And from the field he made a quick retreat,
 His crew of satellites, and all who on them wait.

Thus panic struck flies the affrighted crew ;
 The Temperance army the dread tree assails,
 Nor further does the flying Fiend pursue,
 Who with infernal bitterness bewails.
 Mourn, hell, now mourn, on Earth our reign is o'er ;
 Oh must we all our long-earned conquests yield ?
 Shall we in Britan's empire rule no more,
 But with ignoble flight resign the field
 Which our dark legions long with every evil filled ?

A gush of burning lava from his eyes
 Rushed like a fiery torrent down his face,
 His bosom heaved with deep convulsive sighs,
 Fierce as a tempest that huge rocks displace ;
 His iron hand he clenched, and struck his brow,
 His visage all portrayed demoniac pain
 Where anguish, wounded pride, and rage avow
 A conflict that from hope no peace can gain,
 But preying on itself must evermore remain.

Now the fell Tree the temperance hosts surround,
 Unawed though demon hissings them assail,
 And loathsome objects dying strew the ground,
 Blaspheming some, their sorrows some bewail.
 The serpent branches pour a deadlier flow,
 The wretched victims drink the liquid flame,
 Seeking a dark forgetfulness from woe,
 Around they sink unmoved by pride or shame, [name.
 Reckless of life's best joys—stamped with the drunkard's

Here "Anti-Bacchus" raised his weapon high ;
 The Cobbler's "Blessings" hammer'd at the base ;
 His "Bottle" Cruikshank vigorously let fly,
 Their weighty strokes its sturdy frame displace ;
 The Chronicle and Standard boldly strike ;
 Herald and Advocate rush to the fray ;
 Buckingham launches forth his trusty pike ;
 While hundreds from the contest wont delay,
 Nor rest upon their arms until they win the day.

The Demons fly ! sing every virtuous voice ;
 They fly ! they fly ! raise high the song of praise ;
 In humble thankfulness of heart rejoice.
 To Him who gives all blessings peans raise ;
 Stay the insane who rush to certain fate ;
 The gulf before them blindly they advance ;
 There's yet one moment left them to retreat ;
 Rash fools ! return, accept the holy chance,
 Nor let the Fiend to death your forfeit souls entrance.

The deadly Tree in ruins strews the plain,
 Its serpent-branches in the dust now lie,
 The demon host their idol dens regain,
 The victims thus, bereft of drink's supply,
 Regain their reason and their follies see.
 Palace and Brewery to ruin fall,
 The traffic's chased from hence, and misery
 And crime no more do virtuous hearts appal ;
 The bonds of peace and love in bliss encircle all.

Enrapt, I gazed ; methought I saw arise
 Far fields in loveliest verdure richly drest,
 All that can charm in nature, to the eyes,
 In rural beauty, there was full confest.
 There bleating flocks in snowy fleeces clad,
 There lowing herds with udders teeming o'er,
 The milk maid tripping on with visage glad,
 The ploughman whistling to his team before,
 While all in temperance sweet life's even burden bore.

While bliss, from what I saw, my spirit drank,
 Of beauteous aspect a fair form arose,
 Sweet was her visage. To a flowery bank
 She led me, saying, "Mortal, here repose."
 Her smile was joyous, as she pointed on
 To where in glory rose the temperance star ;
 Delightful feeling through my bosom ran,
 As I beheld the angel from afar,
 In placid majesty, mount her triumphal car.

And every virtue, rising in her sight,
 Sprung up enraptured, hallowing her way :
 Peace, friendship, love, domestic pure delight,
 Social enjoyments, innocent and gay ;
 There happy groups, unchecked by cares, advance
 In festive joyousness, soft music's voice
 Awakes the song or moulds the healthful dance,
 While nature's family around rejoice—
 For men of every grade, oh ! what a blissful choice.

And wheresoe'er she smiled improvement spread ;
 There industry and plenty, hand in hand,
 To true enjoyment of Heaven's bounties led,
 And poverty and crime fled from the land.
 The lamp of genius burned with holier fire ;
 Reason swept off dark prejudice, dull load ;
 War and his blood stained advocates retire ;
 Science each channel op'd of earth's abode,
 While purity and peace point to the house of God.

The ministers of God the wine cup drive
 Both from the sacred fane and festive board,
 A holier flame within men's souls revive,
 And purer incense offers to the Lord.
 No more the Alcohol spirit swells the voice
 Of those who preach of Him who came to save
 From sin, and bid man in the hope rejoice
 That death's worst sting was blunted in the grave ;
 No more the demon draughts the faithful shall deceive.

The thought with hope and love awakes the heart,
 Sorrow and care as night-clouds pass away,
 E'en to the sons of toil her smiles impart,
 Flowers that bloom but in her cheering ray.
 The flowers of industry and peace and love
 Shall in his breast, as in his garden bloom,
 And by kind feelings and kind actions prove
 He welcomes with delight the joys that come
 To smooth the the road of life, and make a happy home.

A happy Temperance Home ! oh, how the heart
 Melts at the mingled joys in it combined ;
 There life's most tender charities impart
 Mutual enjoyments, generous and refined ;
 There every link in the domestic chain
 With stronger force unites—in love's sweet smile ;
 Temperance each function will in health maintain,
 And fit the hardy frame for needful toil,
 T' improve the willing mind and cultivate the soil.

How bless'd is he who can such home enjoy,
 In peace and comfort see his smiling spouse,
 In useful acts her leisure hours employ,
 Arranging all that's needful in her house ;
 His offspring rising healthful, mild, and glad,
 In virtue's paths by his example led,
 With mental culture, persons neatly clad,
 With all the blessing of both board and bed ; [invade ?
 Can such a home be found where drink's fell powers

Great Queen of empires ; you whose actions prove
 A sweet example of each virtue pure,
 That sheds a lustre on domestic love
 As wife and mother—may it long endure—
 A suppliant nation calls to you for aid,
 To stand, like a wise pilot, at the helm,
 To quell the fiery torrents that invade
 The land, and all its dearest joys o'erwhelm ;
 Victoria then would reign o'er earth's happiest realm.

Parents of Britain, who with hope behold
 Your lovely daughters bloom in maiden charms,
 And sons the manly virtues fair unfold,
 Do let your voices swell in loud alarms;
 Demand protection for them; let your prayers
 Assail Her as a parent! she'll extend
 Unto a suppliant people her best cares,
 And teach her ministers how to amend
 The laws that now destroy—where they should all defend.

And you, sweet Infant Band, whose joyous smiles
 Cheer on our hopes of better times to come,
 To seal the consummation of our toils,
 And bid the rose of temperance ever bloom;
 Now let your prayers ascend with loud acclaim
 Unto the Royal Mother's pitying ear;
 She holds the seal of honor or of shame;
 Crave her approving smile your lives to cheer;
 Tell her it will her name to endless time endear.

Then o'er the land the glorious light would spread,
 In blessed effulgent streams on every side;
 Erin in millions rise, by Mathew led,
 Would onward rush to quell the burning tide;
 Columbia long shall gladly hail his name,
 With admiration, reverence, and love;
 Britain pays a just tribute to his fame,
 Which through succeeding ages shall improve,
 And heaven with pen divine record in realms above.

And Scotia's sons, undaunted, take the field,
 Led on by gallant chieftains, firm and bold,
 Who, pledged to Temperance, now will never yield,
 But as in ages past, their rights uphold—
 Though deeply they had quaffed the whiskey bowl,
 And plunged unheeding in the barley bree,
 Now purified they rise in heart and soul,
 Nobly resolving ever to be free,
 And o'er their heather hills chant songs of liberty.

Oh, could we hope to see this happy time,
 This reign of Temperance and peace and love,
 How would it fill the soul with thoughts sublime,
 To deeds of highest worth the bosom move ;
 To social progress lend a swifter wing,
 Give mental culture universal sway,
 Nations as brethren into union bring,
 And chase the Fiends of drink and war away.
 Up, brothers, up, and work, there's no time for delay.

The Afric slave calls on us from the land
 Of boasted liberty to break his chain.
 How shall our hearts respond to his demand,
 While we in slavery more vile remain ?
 But now the light has broke, the voice is heard,
 Release yourselves from thralldom, then you'll be
 Able the rights of freedom to award,
 And tell the suppliant negro he is free
 From the wild chase of dogs and christian's tyranny.

We live not for ourselves ; 'tis ours to toil
 For future man, to clear the road of life,
 To cultivate, with wisdom's seed, the soil
 Of wild humanity ; nor woe nor strife
 God in creation plann'd, for when he viewed
 His works, He saw all was designed to bless,
 He then pronounced that all he made was good ;
 'Twas hell instructed man how to transgress, [ness.
 And consummate his crimes 'gainst Heaven with drunken-

Oh, Heaven ! whate'er thy purpose or decree,
 Whate'er of poverty, or want, or pain,
 Thou, in thy wisdom, hast stored up for me,
 Oh let me free from this dread vice remain ;
 Let me in sober thought enjoy my hours,
 Thankful for every blessing here beneath,
 Use in the holy cause my wasting powers,
 And, praising thee, resign my parting breath ;
 Save me, oh, save me from the drunkard's fearful Death !

Finis.

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